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THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF PENRHYN CLIFFORD IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS UNCLE.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CATHERINE II.

CHAPTER III.—GILBERT PENRHYN.

AMONG the English merchants of St. Petersburg, of his day, few stood higher in general estimation  
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than Gilbert Penrhyn. A long course of successful adventure had, no doubt, contributed to his popularity; but besides this, the merchant had personal qualities which commanded respect. He was generous and hospitable, while in the trans-

actions of his widely extended business, which involved commercial relationship with almost every quarter of the civilized world, he was distinguished alike for his probity, and the skill and boldness with which he had surmounted difficulties of no ordinary character.

Gilbert Penrhyn was cautious, nevertheless. None knew better that he, the uncertain tenure on which favour was held under a despotism like that of Russia, and that even the privileges of an English birthright would interpose but a slight barrier against imperial wrath, if once excited. It was not to the interest, however, of the czarina Catherine to render the position of foreign merchants, in general, palpably insecure; and it was believed, at least, that from the counting-house of Gilbert Penrhyn, in particular, to the palace, the road, had he chosen to avail himself of it, was neither tortuous nor difficult.

The merchant Penrhyn was a solitary man. In the costly mansion which acknowledged him as master, he had none to share his enjoyments, nor to solace his lonely hours. His friends of the English factory called him a perverse and rugged old bachelor; and their wives—especially such as had unmarried female friends—were piqued at the obstinacy with which he had withstood all inducements to change his condition. They judged him wrongfully; in the secret recesses of his heart was a memory which had survived the wear and tear of thirty years, and a wound which had never entirely closed.

From that time, Gilbert Penrhyn was an altered man. He left his home and his country, seeking to obliterate the remembrance of a heavy sorrow by plunging into the troubled sea of commerce. Success smiled on him, and riches were poured into his coffers; but time alone could bring the partial healing he sought.

That was a time of strong temptation and of danger to the successful merchant. He might have insensibly degenerated into a miser, a spendthrift, or a misanthrope; but from all of these eventualities he was preserved by religious principles acting on a well-regulated mind, which made the acquirement and possession of wealth, not the object of existence, but the means of usefulness. Through how many channels the streams of his bounty flowed, and how far those streams extended, it would have been impossible even to conjecture; but enough was known to procure for him, in the city of his adoption, the unsought and undesired, but honourable title of "the good English merchant."

Meanwhile, the strong affections of his heart had found an object on which to rest. Ten years before the date of our present history, Mr. Penrhyn visited the home of his childhood, to find it desolate. His only sister—and she a widow—was dying among strangers, and in poverty. Gilbert had left her in circumstances of affluence, and was shocked, while he bitterly reproached himself, that, in searching out objects of benevolence in a distant land, he had neglected one who had the largest claims on his kindness. Poverty he could remove, but he could not ward off the stroke of death. His sister died, and Gilbert followed her to the grave, with poignant grief and self-condemnation, holding in his,

the trembling hand of her only child—a boy nine or ten years of age. That boy was Penrhyn Clifford.

From that solemn hour, Gilbert Penrhyn felt there was something left for him in the world to love and cherish. He quickly attached the weeping boy to himself, by sympathy with his sorrow, and by incessant tokens of affection; and he did not return to St. Petersburg till he had provided his young nephew with a home, made arrangements for his education, and settled on him a bountiful provision for the future.

His care of young Clifford did not end here, however. As the boy's nearest relative and natural guardian, he thereafter corresponded with him as a father with a son; and twice in the course of a few years, he returned to England to draw closer the bonds of affection between himself and his nephew. These had been happy times for the youth; happy for them both, indeed, for in Penrhyn Clifford the youth of his uncle had seemed renewed.

We need not explain further. Our readers will readily understand that, Clifford's education being completed, he was on his way to St. Petersburg, in obedience to his uncle's summons, when the storm and shipwreck introduced him to their notice. And they will see a sufficient reason for the merchant's grief when the news reached him "by a sure card," as the mate of the "Peggy" averred, of the loss of the "Mary Ann," with all on board.

The sun was near its setting; and its beams, which glittered on the star-spangled domes and gilded spires of St. Petersburg, fell aslant also through the open windows of a large and lofty apartment in the house of Gilbert Penrhyn—lighting up the costly paintings which hung on its richly papered walls, and burnishing, with upward refracted light, its gilded cornices and fresco painted ceiling.

The room was handsomely supplied and decorated with heavy dark mahogany furniture, elaborately carved; and a conservatory of rare exotics, into which it opened, scented the atmosphere with a delicate perfume, telling of both wealth and taste in the owner. From the windows, the broad waters of the Neva might have been seen not far distant, reflecting on their tranquil surface a brilliant sky, almost Italian in its depth of hue. The whole aspect without was very lovely, and no one, previously unacquainted with the fact, would at that moment have supposed that the revolution of a few weeks had sufficed to change the scene from the barrenness and bitterness of a stormy arctic winter, in which every appliance had been needed (witness the huge marble stove near the centre of the apartment, and the grooves for double sashes to the windows) to secure within doors an extraordinary degree of comfort and artificial warmth.

In this room sat Gilbert Penrhyn. He was past the prime of life; but his strong, healthy frame, and the clear complexion of his intellectual countenance, told that the cares of life had passed lightly over him. Now, however, a heavy weight pressed on his spirits, and deep sorrow was visibly struggling in his soul with manly resignation. The simple meal before him on the table had been

pushed away untasted, and in its place was an open bible. Tears had fallen upon it—not many, for he had conquered the unwonted hysteric passion; but the effort had cast a convulsive trembling over his whole frame. He was “a strong man bowed down.”

Near him, and idly busying himself while he anxiously watched his master's grief-stricken countenance, was a grey-haired man in plain clothes—Mr. Penrhyn's English servant. It seemed as though the merchant had been unconscious, for some time, of his presence; for, looking up, he said, somewhat impatiently, “I told you not to wait, Barton. Be so good as to leave me now. You may take the tray with you, however.”

The man silently bowed, and approached the table. “You have eaten nothing, sir,” he ventured to say in a low voice—“nothing since breakfast, sir. If you could but—”

“You are a good fellow, Barton,” said Mr. Penrhyn kindly; “but this feeling will have its way; it is of no use trying to resist it. I do not like that even you should witness it. I would be alone.”

“If you would but try,” pleaded the man; “I am sure it would do you good, sir. You are faint with fasting.”

Mr. Penrhyn waived his hand, and rose from his seat. For a moment he staggered, as though he would have fallen; but while his servant was hurrying to his assistance, he recovered himself, and walked steadily across the apartment.

“I have never seen you so before, sir,” said the servant; “cannot I do anything—?”

“We don't know how weak we are till God proves us, my friend,” said the merchant in a broken voice. “I did not know how much I loved the boy till now. Look, Barton,” he added, pointing with a trembling hand to a portrait on the wall—and while he gazed on the well-remembered features of his lost nephew, the tears, which had only for a while been restrained, rolled afresh down his cheeks—“look! is it not like him? like what he was, Barton? And I shall never see him again. My poor sister's orphan boy!”

“It is very like what he was when it was taken, sir,” replied the man, who had grown old in Mr. Penrhyn's service, and had accompanied him in his last voyage to England; “but you must not give way, sir. It was God's will—”

“Call it rather a tempting of Providence on my part,” replied the merchant, turning round almost fiercely for the moment on his old servant. “Was it not I who sent for him to come over here? What did I that for, when I meant, all the while, to close my business after a few years, perhaps months, and go back home to live, and he with me? I tell you, man, it was a tempting of Providence—I know and feel it was now—to expose the poor boy to that unnecessary danger; and I am rightly punished for it: but he—poor fellow! dear, dear Pen!”

“Yes, that is the way,” he presently added; “we follow our own foolish inclinations, and trust in our own understandings, and walk in the way of our own hearts.”

“But it was Mr. Clifford's own wish, you know, sir,” argued Barton, respectfully. “You should

not blame yourself so much, Mr. Penrhyn; he had been looking forward so many years to coming out to see you; and it didn't seem unnatural to indulge him, did it, sir? And besides,” he continued, “there are dangers on land as well as on sea, are there not? and if it pleased God to take him away while he was young, it did not need a storm and shipwreck.”

“You say wisely and kindly, Barton,” replied the merchant, in a more composed voice, as he turned from the portrait; “and I am like ‘a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke.’ I said, in my prosperity, ‘I shall never be moved;’ but the moment God hides his face, I am troubled. I have received good at the hand of the Lord; shall I not also receive evil? But leave me now, my friend. I must wrestle alone with my rebellious spirit.”

While thus mourned as one who was dead, Penrhyn Clifford was gaily enough walking by the side of his guide, within a mile of his uncle's house, and was rapidly approaching it. He was one of those happily constituted beings whose natural elasticity of spirit is not to be subdued by danger and hair-breadth escapes; and though, for the time, he had been deeply affected and sobered by the fate of the unhappy crew of the “Mary Ann,” and by the near prospect of sudden and violent death, he chose now to look on the bright side of his prospects, and to picture to himself the astonishment he should produce by his unexpected appearance in his uncle's presence. The idea had in it, at the moment, more of the ludicrous than of the solemn; and he laughed heartily when his companion predicted that he would be looked upon as a ghost.

“I hope, at all events, that I shall not have a ghost's welcome,” said Clifford; “for, what with dried fish swimming in oil and black bread, which is what I have mostly lived upon for a week past, my appetite is very far from being ghostly. Are we far from my uncle's now?” he asked, as though the mention of his hard fare on board the Norwegian boat had excited his longings for a more congenial repast.

Notwithstanding his haste, however, and his quickened appetite to boot, Penrhyn Clifford could scarcely fail to be interested in the novel scenes through which he hurriedly passed. Hitherto his experience of large cities had been confined to London—the London of three-quarters of a century ago, with its inconvenient and crooked thoroughfares, its tasteless piles of dull and dingy brickwork, its old bridge, and its various abominations, the accumulation of centuries, but which time and public spirit and national wealth had scarcely begun to clear away. Between the old capital of England, and the new, young capital of Russia, was a contrast so striking, that in his progress onward Clifford many times paused involuntarily to look around him with admiration and unbounded astonishment when he remembered that two generations had scarcely passed away since the ground on which he stood, surrounded with enduring proofs and indications of wealth and grandeur, stretching far away, and extending over an area of apparently boundless extent, and sheltering a population of hundreds of thousands, was then a rank unwholesome swamp, insufficient for the maintenance of a

single solitary family, who had been condemned to make it their home.

Clifford had little time, however, in which to express either surprise or curiosity; for his guide hurried him onward till, reaching a broad street, lined on either side, as far as the eye could reach, with mansions so magnificent that each seemed a suitable residence for a nobleman, they halted at the entrance of one of them, and obtained admittance into a large hall, paved with marble, and lighted from above through a cupola of stained glass, which shed a rich though subdued reflection on the ornamented walls.

Thus far Clifford had advanced without impediment; but here his progress was arrested by the loud expostulations of a servant in livery, who declared that his master would see no stranger that day; but as he was a Russ, and spoke only his native tongue, and as Clifford's attempted explanation was couched in pure English, and neither understood the other, a scene of confusion ensued, which was only increased by the interference of the guide, who vainly endeavoured, in a smattering of high Dutch which he had picked up in his travels, to mediate between the contending parties. Fortunately the strife of tongues had the effect of attracting the attention of the English servant, Barton, who had just left his master's presence, and who, scandalized at the unusual uproar at such a time of sudden sorrow, hastened to the spot. To him the Russian vehemently appealed; and he was sternly turning towards the pertinacious intruder, when a gleam of parting sun-light revealed to him the mirthful countenance of his master's nephew.

His first impulse was to fall back affrighted from the unexpected vision: his next—to the astonishment and dismay of the Russian menial—was to rush forward and clasp the youth's offered hand in his own, while he gasped, rather than said, "Then you weren't drowned, Mr. Clifford? Only to think, now, of people's inventing such falsehoods!"

"I was not drowned, certainly, Barton, though others were, and I might have been," rejoined the young man, gravely. "But, my uncle—"

"To be sure—to be sure, Mr. Clifford," cried the bewildered butler, joyfully, "you shall see him directly; this will be a happy hour for him. But let me look at you again, [sir]"—dragging Clifford more into the light, and carefully scrutinizing him from head to foot, with an anxious gravity which upset that of our hero, who, while he submitted to the examination, laughed heartily in merry, musical tones.

"'Tis his own voice!" exclaimed Barton, relieved instantaneously from the shadow of a doubt, which had apparently disturbed his mind. "I should know your laugh among a thousand, Mr. Clifford. I beg your pardon for behaving so strangely; but I was taken so by surprise—joyful surprise, sir. And your uncle—this way, this way, Mr. Clifford;" and, with a torrent of disjointed words and broken sentences, he hurried the youth from the hall.

The merchant had shifted his position but a few paces from the spot where his servant had left him. He was yet standing before the portrait of his nephew, with his hands clasped together, and his lips gently moving with the utterance of his

heart. "It is very terrible to think of! poor boy! poor Penrhyn! If I could but know—if I were only assured that—oh that I had prayed more for him! God be merciful—be merciful!"

"Uncle—dear uncle!"

Gilbert Penrhyn started at the well-remembered voice, and, turning, the youth was standing by his side.

In another moment they were locked in each other's arms; and the tears of sorrow which the merchant had before, though ineffectually, striven to suppress, now, changed to tears of gladness, flowed fast and unrestrained. Clifford sobbed too, in the fulness of his heart, and in honest sympathy, as his uncle ejaculated thanksgivings for the unexpected mercy.

"But I am the bearer of evil tidings, dear uncle," said Clifford, after many attempts to explain, which, being interrupted and cut short by renewed paternal embraces, had failed.

"Speak them out, then, Pen; they cannot be so bad as I believed, since *you* are spared to me," said the merchant.

"The 'Mary Ann'—"

"Is broken to pieces: that news is true, then; and the cargo is gone to the bottom; I can judge that by your disconsolate look, my dear boy; and that news is true likewise. Never mind, Pen; your uncle can stand the shock; and we will find means to replace your poor wardrobe. I trust, now that I see you, that your list of evil tidings end here."

"Alas! no, uncle: I indeed escaped the wreck, as you see, and so did our two other passengers, with the captain; but all besides were lost."

"It saddens me again to hear it, Penrhyn. Poor fellows! poor fellows! But how could it be that they were all lost, and the captain saved?"

"It was their own fault, uncle;" and Clifford again told the story of the wreck.

"Poor fellows!" repeated the merchant; "we must not judge them hardly, my dear boy; they are gone, and have left widows and orphans, fathers and mothers and sisters behind them, I warrant; and sad hearts there will be when the news reaches England. We must find the poor creatures out, Penrhyn. We cannot call back the dead to life, but we can soften the sorrows of the living. When is captain Williams coming up the river?"

"To-morrow, I believe, uncle."

"That is well: we must get a list of the men's names, and find out all about them. And now, my dear boy, we must think about you. Thank God that you escaped: and now, I take it, you have not fared very sumptuously to-day?"

"To tell you the truth, uncle—No. I was too anxious to see you; and the fact is, I have had no dinner at all."

"And I have kept you here talking! Why didn't you tell me at first that you were half-starved, my poor boy?" exclaimed the merchant, ringing a bell violently. "Barton, Barton," he cried, as the old servant entered with a beaming countenance, "here's my poor Pen—ready to drop for want of food."

"Dinner is ready, sir," said the butler, who had received a hint from the mate of the "Peggy," and had taken measures accordingly; "and Mr. Clifford's room is ready likewise, if he would like to change—"



"Why, you silly old man, how can he do that when he has not a second garment to his back? But take him away—take him away, if he wants to wash his hands; and bring him back into the dining-room as fast as you can; for—it is strange now what a difference a single quarter of an hour can make in a man—I do believe I am hungry too, Barton."

## CHAPTER IV.

## AN AFTER-DINNER CHAT.

"AND so, Penrhyn, those poor people on the coast of Norway were kind to you, my dear boy?" said the merchant, as the uncle and nephew lingered over their late meal, in the delicious summer twilight of the north, when Clifford had told the tale of his rescue.

"Very kind, sir: they gave us the best they had, and would not hear of recompence."

"That was fortunate for you, my boy, since you say your money all went to the bottom, with your clothes. But they must hear of recompence—of gratitude at least, Pen. We must find out a way of doing it, though without hurting their feelings," Gilbert Penrhyn added, thoughtfully.

"Let us see: you say that they are fishermen. It was a fishing boat that took you off the wreck?"

"Yes, uncle."

"An old boat, I'll warrant—an old, leaky, battered boat, patched and rotten," said the merchant, with a glowing expression of hope on his countenance. "It is astonishing how venturesome some of the fishermen of those coasts are, putting out to sea in a mere cockle-shell, that ought to have been broken up and turned into firewood years and years ago. I have no doubt it was a very old boat, Pen."

"I believe you are right, uncle," said the youth, smiling at his uncle's eagerness; "it *was* an old boat, and leaky; I particularly noticed it."

"I am glad you did, my dear boy. That shows the use, now, of keeping one's eyes open. A good plan that, Pen, of noting everything that comes under our observation. We need not always talk about it; that's a different thing, and sometimes dangerous too, as you will find—not by experience, though, I hope—before you have been long in Russia. But it is a good plan to see everything, and say nothing till the proper time comes. You understand that, my dear boy?"

"Oh yes, uncle."

"Now, I am *very* glad you noticed that was an old boat, Pen; because, you see, we can manage to put a new one in its place; and if it is done discreetly, they need not know where it comes from, or why it is sent. I'll write to Jansen about it, my dear boy: Jansen is one of my correspondents at Christiansand, and a trusty man—a wonderful man Mr. Jansen is: and he shall have the management of it." And the merchant evidently felt greatly relieved.

"But they were not all fishermen, sir," said Clifford; "for the clergyman of the parish was one of our preservers; and his daughter was another."

"Eh! What, Pen?" cried the merchant, in some surprise.

"It is true, uncle. It seems that there were not men enough at home, when our wreck was first seen

from shore, to man the boat; and so the minister—who had been the first to see us on the rocks—jumped in and took an oar; and his daughter followed him, and steered. It surprised us all, when the boat reached us, to see the young girl at the helm; but she managed it cleverly; and it was a great comfort to Feodora—to Miss Graham, I mean—to be taken straight to the manse, where she had more attention than she could have expected in the fishermen's cottages?"

"Miss Graham!" exclaimed Mr. Penrhyn, with some surprise; "of whom are you speaking?"

"Oh, did I not tell you?—No, I think I did not, though—that one of our passengers was a young lady, coming to St. Petersburg under the care of Captain Williams?"

"I shouldn't have thought Williams to have been what they call a lady's man," said the merchant, drily. "But what about this Miss Graham, whom you call Feodora? Feodora is a sort of Russian name, and Graham is Scotch."

"I know very little indeed of her, uncle," rejoined the youth; "and I saw but little of her till the night of the shipwreck, and have seen little more of her since. I believe, however, that her father is an officer in the Russian army, and that Miss Graham, having been some years in England for education, was returning to her home—at Moscow, I believe."

"By the way," said the merchant, "we must think of something that will please the good old minister and his brave daughter, of whom you spoke as having helped you. They are not over stocked with wealth, I dare say."

"I am afraid they are not, uncle."

"Of course not: it would be ridiculous to think they could be. We cannot think of offering them a reward for their hospitality: it would be indelicate. But never mind: I'll write to Jansen about it: he will find out how to contrive it. A worthy man Mr. Jansen is; and he is discretion itself."

"I am afraid, sir," said Clifford timidly, "that my unfortunate voyage will burden you with obligations to strangers."

"No, it will not, Pen," replied the merchant earnestly, and almost solemnly. "What do we come into the world for, if we do not bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law—the law of our blessed Saviour, my dear boy? And why does the good Lord prosper some of us in his providence with abundance of wealth, if we are not to do good with it, and to communicate to others?"

"You encourage me to say then, uncle, that my fellow passenger Wilson—"

"Yes, yes; a brave fellow he is, I am sure, to have come to your assistance as he did. What about him, Pen?"

"He is a poor man, sir, and has no friends in Russia, but has come out to find work as a mechanic, hearing that workmen are wanted here, and can earn good wages."

"Right, quite right: if a man can't get work to do in one place, he is quite right to seek it in another," said the merchant, with energy.

"And so, uncle, I told him that if he would call on you—I told him your name—he would find me, and I would speak to you about him."

"Quite right, my dear boy," said Gilbert, laying his hand on his nephew's shoulder: "it is just what I should have expected of you; and it will go hard with us if we cannot find some employment for the poor man. I hope he won't fail to give us a call."

"I don't think he will, sir: he seemed glad to feel that there was some one in the city to whom he would not be altogether a stranger."

Long after the twilight had faded away, and lamps had been lighted, and curtains drawn, did the merchant and his recovered nephew sit in happy companionship, talking over the past, and laying plans for the future, till weariness gradually crept over the young traveller, who had had sufficient experience of nights on shipboard at sea, to render the soft, luxurious bed in his own well-furnished room in his uncle's house doubly welcome; and it was not long, after saying "good-night," before he was in a sound slumber, from which it would have taken a storm of extra strength to awaken him.

As we shall not have a better opportunity, we shall add here, that, a few months later, the fishermen of the little hamlet, whose hospitality Clifford had experienced, were astounded by the arrival of a tight little fishing-smack as a gift to the community; and that, on the wedding day of the clergyman's daughter, an unexpected addition to the live stock of her husband's farm arrived from the interior, so magnificent that, though it was never known from whom it came, it made a rich man of the young farmer.

#### THE GREAT TINNEVELLY ELEPHANT.

ABOUT ten years ago, a most terrific hurricane visited the southern provinces of our Indian empire. Sweeping over the plains on the eastern side of the Ghauts, it carried devastation on every side. Thousands of trees fell beneath its fury, being twisted off or torn up by the roots. These were chiefly palmyras—the tall, straight palm which studs so thickly the southern portion of this great peninsula. Besides palmyras, many a majestic banian was laid low, and other trees of less pretensions but of greater value shared the same fate. Amongst the latter was a large mango tree in the mission compound at Palamcottah. This tree was blown over, but its roots, being broken on one side only, it was thought that, if it could be set upright, it might again live and grow. Accordingly, men were obtained to undertake this task, and all the top branches were cut off. Then forty or fifty coolies were employed two whole days in endeavouring to set it up; but it defied their unskilful though strenuous efforts. At the end of the second day, there the tree lay, refusing to be moved by them. Finding the result so unfavourable, the object was about to be abandoned, when a friend suggested the desirableness of sending for "the great Tinnevelly elephant," as it was called, which was kept at the large Tinnevelly pagoda. The idea seemed to be a good one, and so the great elephant was sent for. Well do I remember his coming into the compound, and the astonishing scene which followed.

His keeper, riding on his neck, brought him up

to the house and inquired for what he was wanted. Being told what it was wished the elephant should do, he marched him off to the place where the tree was lying. On arriving there, still sitting on his neck, the driver pointed to the fallen tree, and leaning forward, as if to speak into his ear, told him in Tamil (the native language of the country) what he was to do. To this the elephant replied by elevating his trunk and uttering a short trumpet-like note. Then, going to the upper part of the tree, he coiled his trunk round one of the limbs and raised it so as to get his tusks beneath the principal branch, when, by a mighty effort, he elevated the tree so that it rested on his tusks and forehead together. Next, putting out his whole strength, he pushed it up as far as he could reach, and held it so for an instant; but finding it would not stay there, he withdrew his head and threw it down in apparent disgust. It was at once perceived that props were needed to support it when raised, and men were sent off to procure them. Whilst waiting their return, the elephant walked to the living fence which surrounded the compound on two sides, and broke off a large branch, as I supposed to eat the leaves; but no such thing. The flies were very numerous and troublesome; and so, taking the branch in his trunk he whisked it about, first on one side and then on the other, to keep off the troublesome insects.

The props having arrived, he returned to his work, and raised the tree as before. This time the supports were placed under it, consequently it stayed in its place, and he seemed satisfied. Having rested a minute, he returned to the charge, and pushed the tree up further, when again the props were placed under it. Thus in three or four pushes he set it upright, and was then apparently so well pleased with his exploit, that it was necessary to restrain him, or he would have pushed it over on the other side.

Having thus performed his task, he was again taken round to the front of the house, where a cocoa-nut was brought for him; and he keenly eyed the man whilst he was chopping off the husk. The fruit was then thrown down to him; but before touching it, he made his salaam for it. This he did by putting the point of his trunk to his forehead, and bowing his head at the same time. Then taking up the nut, he dashed it against his forehead, and broke the shell. The kernel was speedily extracted by that very useful instrument, his trunk, and was quickly being ground between his enormous teeth, with evident satisfaction to his huge highness. He was next told to dance, which he immediately did, and went through the performance with a very good grace, to the great amusement of all present, his enormous feet making deep indentations in the ground beneath. For this exhibition of his dexterity and skill, he was presented with a quarter of a rupee, (a coin about the size of a sixpence,) which was thrown on the ground for him. He at once made his salaam for the donation, and then, picking it up, handed it to his keeper; and having, at the bidding of the latter, made a parting salaam to each of the company present, he departed to his home.

At the time I witnessed the above, I was new to India and all things there. Being strange to

me, the scene made a deep impression on my mind. But during the whole of my subsequent residence, I certainly never saw anything more surprising than the sagacity of that noble animal. In putting up the tree, he seemed to understand what was to be done, just as well as any human being present; and the exhibition of animal power, when he strained every muscle, was a splendid sight. Indeed I know not which was the more astonishing, the sagacity he exhibited, or the muscular power he displayed. Both were far beyond my previously conceived notions, and led me still further to admire the wonderful works of the Creator.

### THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.

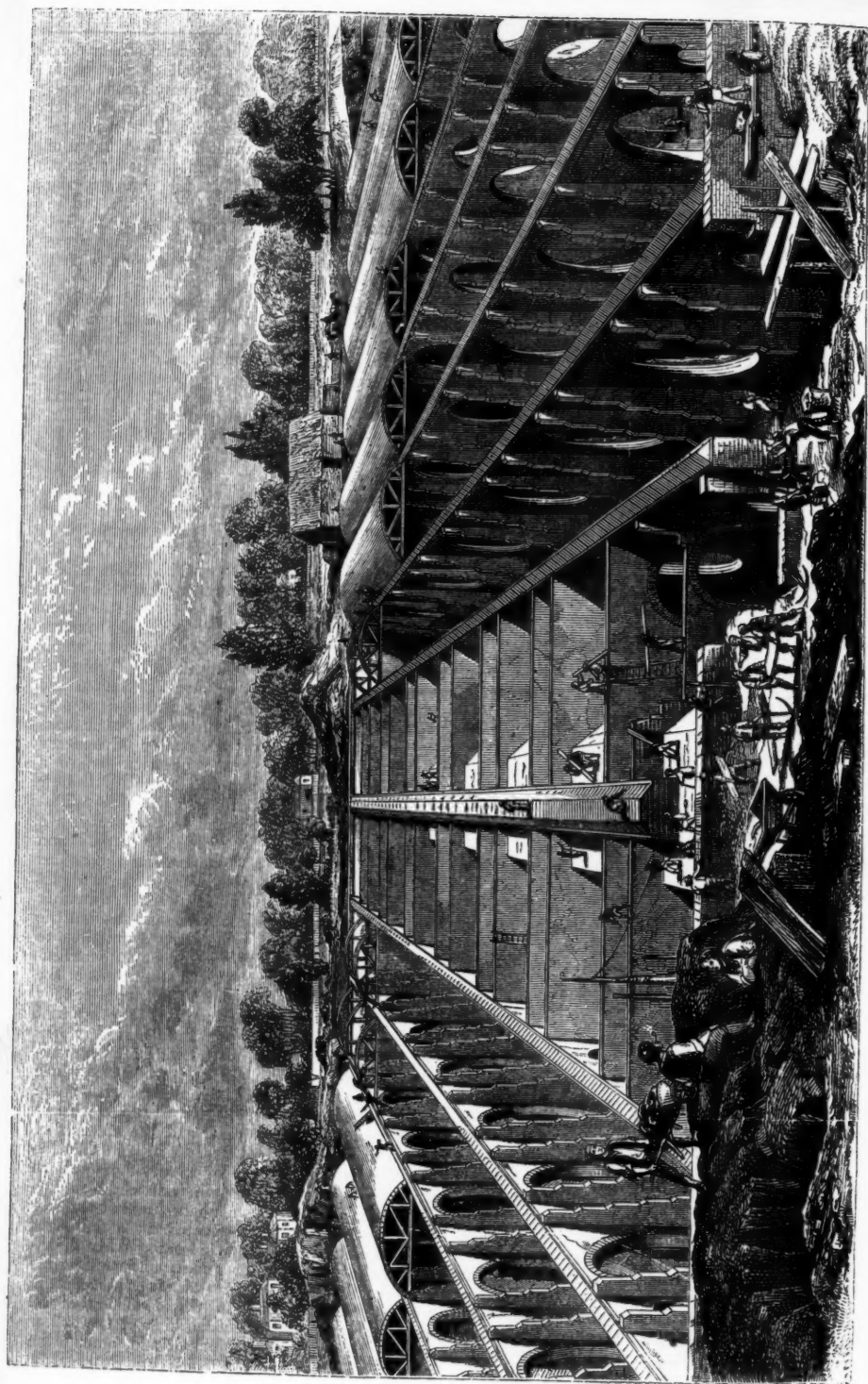
EVER since we have had any practical experience of London life, the supply of water for domestic purposes, dealt out by the nine water companies to the inhabitants, has been a standing subject of complaint. Not only is it defective in quality, but, for purposes of household cleanliness, it is said to be deficient in quantity. Scientific men, with their microscopes, reveal to our horrified gaze no end of sprawling, straddling monsters, "things gelatinous and spawny—things tentaculous and horny," and inform us thirsty victims that we are swallowing them by millions. Honourable men too tell us in blue books that, taking in the whole of the dwellings that make up the modern Babylon, there are as many as seventy thousand families condemned to a life of filth and its consequent disease, from the want of any regular supply of water at all. For our own part, we did not need the corroborative evidence, either of the men of science on the one hand, or the honourable gentlemen on the other. When we were in the habit, some years back, of performing our daily ablutions through the medium of one of the companies, we have a distinct recollection, on various occasions, of bobbing for live shrimps nearly an inch long in the wash-basin, before we dared to commence the process. We could see them without a microscope, and we could see, moreover, in a single glass of the stuff, a respectable swarm of water-lice, kicking up and kicking down in a manner much more amusing than appetising. And with regard to the quantity, we have seen a whole range of wretched buildings supplied from a single water-butt sunk in the ground, incapable of cleansing, and defiled with drowning kittens and the drainage from the surrounding soil.

Then the charges were high—high enough to allow of a considerable reduction and yet yield a handsome profit; and rival companies, instead of endeavouring to excel each other in the quality of the article, strove to ruin each other by cutting down the price. They flew to their lawyers, and got acts of parliament, and then they sometimes lost temper, drew their pickaxes and ripped up the roads, and invaded one another's districts, and threatened ruin to all opponents, and played such havoc with the roads and pavements that there was no getting along. Then came the rival canvassers, and threw us all into such confusion that we did not know what we were about. One offered to cut us off from the old tap and solder us on to the new, and to charge us twenty-two shillings in-

stead of thirty-six; and that was no sooner done (for we practise economy as well as preach it) than down comes the old company's man, and says he'll cut off the new and stick on the old again, and charge us but fifteen. What was precisely the upshot, we cannot at this distance of time recollect. All we know is, that the charge of thirty-six shillings dropped in the course of the warfare to something like one-third of that sum; that at one time we had two pipes playing into that butt in the yard, and got flooded because there was but one stop-cock; and that at another time both were cut off and we left waterless.

Of course this state of things could not last. When the belligerents had mutually damaged each other's resources, and exhausted their individual spleen, they came to an understanding, and made a treaty of peace; and then, as a consequence, the prices went up at once to the old standard, and things were as they were at first—with this difference, that the shrimps and the water-lice, and the microscopical monsters, had had time to multiply indefinitely, and the water was worse than before. If we recollect right, the two fighting companies became incorporated, and their shares, which had threatened to fall to a discount, were soon as valuable as ever.

From that time, which must be fifteen or sixteen years ago, to this, the water question has remained very much in the same unsatisfactory state. The same complaints of inferior quality and short quantity yet continue to prevail, though the prices have been gradually rising. There has been no lack of agitation or investigation on the subject. There has rarely been a session of parliament in which committees have not sat in consideration of the water question, or of sanitary measures of which the water question formed a chief element; and there has been brood after brood of blue books of all sizes and dimensions, the offspring of these committees, containing a whole cyclopædia of knowledge, practical and theoretical, and not a few startling revelations of facts which we cannot stop to consider just now, but shall have occasion to revert to in another paper. The companies annoyed, doubtless, at the charges made against them, have from time to time uttered a disclaimer, and, by way of justification, have published to the world statements of the quantities as well as the qualities of the water they supply. In reference to quantity, they say that they pump into London from their several works nearly forty-five millions of gallons daily—a quantity that would fill a pond as large as the whole area of St. James's Park, and thirty inches deep: and in reference to quality they state the precautions they take to prevent, and the mechanical means they employ to correct, impurity. The quantity is equivalent to twenty-four gallons daily to every man, woman, and child in the metropolis; and we have no hesitation in saying that, were it wisely distributed, it is far more than an efficient supply. On looking at the distribution of it, however, we find, from incontestable evidence, that more than *two-thirds of the whole is wasted*. It is wasted in the dwellings of all classes, from the inefficient working of the ball or stop-cocks, where these are used, and, among the poor, from the absence of such contrivances for



THE NEW WATER WORKS AT WIMBLEDON COMMON.



stopping the flow of the water. Thus it will happen, that where there is but one small tub or cistern to serve a whole row of buildings, tenanted by the poor, out of 200 gallons running into it three times a week, 150 gallons run over in waste, saturating the soil, and rotting the walls and foundations of the houses with damp. The effect of this is fatal in two ways—first, by diseases engendered by filth, which the poor have not the means of removing; and, secondly, by the spread of endemic fevers and cholera from the perpetually moist and oozy condition of the soil. Against the complaints of the quality of the water, the companies defend themselves by retorting upon their customers for not keeping their tubs and cisterns clean; but it is not easy to see how this is to be done, in the case of the poor especially. The only cure, both for the waste and the impurity arising from stagnation in tubs and cisterns, would be a system of constant supply—of which a word at another time.

Parliament has at length come to the rescue, and by a late act has compelled the water companies to bestir themselves, and to take active measures to provide such remedies as are in their power. We shall not recite the provisions of the act—for which the reader perhaps would not thank us—but shall take a glance at the measures in progress in various parts of the London suburbs for putting it in execution. The first intimation of what was going forward greeted us in a vision of colossal iron pipes above a yard in diameter, which lay ready for embedding in the earth along the road leading from the Stoke Newington reservoirs towards Camden Town. Each of these pipes was about a ton in weight; and, during the past summer months, we had ocular demonstration that they served as gratuitous lodgings for the wayside tramp, who preferred them, not without reason, to the "good accommodation" of Church Lane, and such rookeries. We learnt, on inquiry, that they were intended to connect the filtering-beds, in which, under the new regulations, all the water pumped into London is to be filtered, with the several reservoirs from which each district gets its immediate supply. From the reservoirs, which will henceforth contain nothing but filtered water, we may expect, with some confidence, to be served with a liquid as free from foreign organic and inorganic matters as it is possible to procure. To show how this will be done, we must take the reader with us for a glance, first at the filtering-beds, and then to the reservoirs, now in course of construction. The filtering-beds of the New River Company, now approaching completion, will serve better than any others to illustrate the method and the extent of the purifying process. They lie a few hundred yards north-east of the well-known Eel-pie House, in the flat meadows between that and the great Stoke Newington reservoirs, and close to the banks of the New River. They consist at present of five vast cisterns, about an acre and a quarter each in extent, and of the depth of something under twenty feet, and are constructed of finished masonry of the most substantial kind, and, as far as possible, bid defiance to time and decay. They are parallelograms in form, and centrally from end to end of each is cut a deep trench, inclosing a culvert, bricked and flagged over. This culvert is perforated on either side

at intervals of two or three feet up and down its whole length, for the reception of earthenware pipes about nine inches in diameter, of which some miles in length are firmly fixed in the flat bed of the huge filter. These clay pipes are drilled over their surfaces with millions of small holes, through which the water will trickle into the central culvert. Before it gets into these drilled pipes, the water will be thoroughly filtered by the following means. Immediately above them will be a deep stratum of pebbles, possibly sea-side shingle, of a considerable size; on this stratum will be deposited another of smaller pebbles, or coarse sifted gravel, and above that a thick stratum of fine pure sand. Whether to this apparatus will be added any disinfectant material, we cannot say; but the filters will afford a practicable field of experiment, and will no doubt ultimately be as perfect as they can be rendered by mechanical means. The water, in passing through the successive strata of sand and gravel, leaves its impurities behind, percolates the innumerable small orifices in the clay pipes at the bottom, and thence runs into the central culvert. Now, each of these culverts empties itself into a sixth huge cistern or tank, which, unlike the filtering-beds, is covered in, in order to preserve the pure water from all extraneous sources of impurity. Thence, as it shall be called for, it will be pumped by steam-power through the colossal pipes above referred to, into the several reservoirs now finished or in course of construction, for the service of their special districts.

The use of steam power is rendered necessary, by the low level of the land on which the works are situated. If the works were at an elevation of a hundred feet or so higher, it is probable that steam would not be needed, as water will always rise to the level of its source, and in that case would reach the different reservoirs in a natural way. To overcome the obstacle of a low level, an artificial source is obtained by pumping the water to the summit of a stand-pipe of sufficient bore and of any height that may be required. There is no limit to either but the limit of steam power. Thus, for instance, the stand-pipe of the Grand Junction waterworks at Kew Bridge is higher than the monument, and its attendant engine pumps up above four thousand gallons a minute! For the works under notice such an elevation will hardly be wanted; yet the spacious engine-house now building warns us that there will be plenty of work for steam, which had need be of considerable power, were it only to feed the six or seven acres of filtering-beds from the low current of the river.

We trust the above explanation is sufficiently intelligible to the reader, who will now do us the favour to accompany us to Wimbledon Common, for a glance at the huge reservoirs there, in course of construction by the Chelsea Company, and of which our artist has supplied us with the accompanying sketch.

On leaving, some two or three months ago, the railway station at Putney, and mounting the hill towards the Common, we found the road in possession of a battalion of navvies, who had rendered it all but impassable to travellers. We had to scramble over mountains of clay and through pits of mire, and across a cavernous trench grave deep,

where a threefold chain of monster iron pipes was being laid down along the whole route. Following the track of the pipes above ground and below, we arrived, in the course of half an hour or so, at the theatre of operations. A somewhat wild and suggestive scene it was, indicative of the bold daring of modern engineering enterprise. In consequence of the new regulations, all reservoirs of the London water companies have to be covered in; and as they are to contain only filtered water, it is supposed that by that means they will be preserved from both vegetable and animal impurities, as well as from the contributions of a London atmosphere. This covering-in it is which constitutes the expensive, and, while it was in progress, the picturesque character of this stupendous undertaking. There were before us two enormous reservoirs, each some six or seven square rods in area. The only method of roofing-in such an extent of surface is to divide it into compartments and arch over each compartment. This, accordingly, was the work we found in progress. The reservoirs being first dug, and paved and walled with solid brickwork, were then divided into long galleries by other massive walls wrought in continuous arches and standing some twenty-five feet apart. The vast subterranean area is of a depth to hold twenty feet of water; and in order to prevent anything like stagnation, there is a gradual declination from the point where the fluid will enter, to that where it makes its exit through the service-pipes, so that a constant current will be maintained.

But an underground cavern of this wide extent would, if kept hermetically sealed, be sure to generate foul air, which the water would as infallibly absorb, and thereby become deleterious, perhaps poisonous. To guard against this, a system of ventilation is contrived, by means of large earthenware pipes which will perforate the roofs and open like inverted funnels upon the surface of the water—pouring in a stream of air from which ever point the wind may blow. It is an acknowledged fact that the purity and wholesomeness of water is precisely in the ratio of the purity of the atmosphere of the district from which it is derived. Water absorbs air so largely, that wherever the latter is foul, the former is found to be productive of disease. "Hence," observes an eminent medical authority, in his evidence on this subject before a committee of the House of Commons—"those who drink country water may be said to drink country air, and those who drink town water drink town air"—a dictum which commends itself to common-sense.

Besides the two huge reservoirs above noticed, a third will be constructed on this spot. This one will not be covered in, and it will contain water to be used only in cleansing the others as occasion shall demand.

The water from which the reservoirs on Wimbledon Common will be supplied is drawn from the Thames near Kingston, where it will be filtered in beds similar in construction to those above described, belonging to the New River Company, or differing so little as not to require notice here. The filtering-beds must be distant scarcely less than six miles from the reservoirs; and as the ascent is considerable from the banks of the

Thames near Kingston to the comparatively high level of the Common, the mechanical difficulty of getting it to run up-hill must be surmounted by some effective mechanical power, which must work by the stand-pipe and the steam-engine, unless and until something less costly and equally efficient shall be devised.

The works above described are but samples of what is going on in various other parts of the suburbs of London, and in London itself, in execution of the provisions of the recent act of parliament. The reservoirs of the various companies are to be found in almost every neighbourhood; and, look for them where you will just now, you will find them undergoing the process of reformation, or, just emerged from it, in a condition to comply with the requirements of the new law. The work is accompanied by heavy expenses, and we have heard a sum almost fabulous mentioned as the outlay of a single company. Still this will be a result cheaply accomplished, if it issues in permanent benefit to the health of the community.

### THE SPRIG OF LAVENDER.

Yes, I have been wearing a sprig of lavender in my coat all day long! The 26th of September is with me an anniversary day, and the sprig of lavender vividly recalls the memory of a scene of peril and deliverance.

The sun rose brightly this morning, and through a cloudless sky he has passed upward and onward to his rest. It was otherwise on the 26th of September, 1829. On that day a lovely scene was made gloomy and sad by black clouds careering through the heavens, and by the angry winds, which in fitful gusts swept over the waters of a bay which the day before shone in the sunlight like a sheet of silver. On that morning, I had gone forth with a younger brother, as we were wont to do, along the shore. We had recently been introduced to a young gentleman, the son of Captain O—. He was a *deaf mute*, but no one could tell from his appearance that he was so. He had received a superior education at Glasgow, could read and write as well as converse on the fingers, was full of life and energy, and looked in his undress sailor's garb the *beau ideal* of manly beauty.

When this gentleman, who had just succeeded, by the help of two boatmen, in launching a boat for an excursion, saw my companion and myself standing on the shore, he eagerly waved his hand, beckoning us to join him. We had just expressed to each other our reluctance to do so, in consequence of the threatening aspect of the weather; yet, as it was useless to call out to him, we ran down to the water's edge, when by means of signs, as well as through the boatmen, he gave us to understand that they were about to have a sail to Rostrevor. With youthful thoughtlessness, putting away all our apprehensions, we leaped at once into the stern of the boat and seated ourselves by his side. A moment afterwards, the sails were filled with a fresh breeze, and like a sea-bird our bark sped so swiftly before it, that in a quarter of an hour or little more we had reached the intended limits of our excursion.

But our ardent friend was not satisfied; he intimated to us, on a pencilled slip of paper, that he had friends at Carlingford, whom he longed to see, and so the signal was given to the two boatmen to direct our voyage thither. Five miles were thus to be passed over ere we could reach our destination. We swept speedily onward; but as soon as we reached that part of the bay which lies between two lofty mountains, we found ourselves exposed to imminent peril. Suddenly, now from one quarter, then from another, a squall came with darkening wing and rushing noise, and, striking the boat in a moment, bent it over, until the water began to rush in over its side. The alarm occasioned by this was much heightened when we discovered that both boatmen were in a state bordering on intoxication. We implored them to lower the sails; but the bottle of spirits which they had brought with them had made them reckless of danger. At length, by dint of urgent importunities, we prevailed on them to agree to our proposal, and, "brailing up" the sails, they plied the oars vigorously for an hour, at the end of which time we landed at Carlingford.

Here, climbing up some steep cliffs, we examined the thick walls and desolate chambers of a fortress erected by king John. We traversed the town itself, nestling as it does beneath a lofty mountain, which, rising up abruptly several thousand feet, like a mighty wall, causes a premature twilight long before the hour when the sun has set in the west. Our new-made acquaintance repaired with joyous expectation to the mansion of the family which he had in the morning so earnestly desired to visit. But, to his great disappointment, we discovered that all its inmates were from home. There was a sweet garden plot before the windows, and along the gravel walk which led up to the door was a hedge of lavender, which filled the air with its perfume. I plucked a sprig from that fragrant hedge, and placed it in my button-hole.

The time at length came when we must return homeward. Seven long miles were before us, and it was now four o'clock in the afternoon of one of September's closing days. Our boat, which we had left on the sands, was floated by the fast-flowing tide, and in the warm-hearted desire that we should receive no injury to health, our stalwart young friend, who was well accustomed to the sea, and every inch a sailor, laid hold of us one after the other, and, carrying us through the water, placed us safely and dry-shod on board. We were speedily under weigh; the sails flapped the masts at first, while we were under the shelter of the mighty rock on which the old castle was built; but by and by we stood out into the bay. We had fondly believed that all our perils were past. What, then, was our surprise when, about two miles ahead of our boat, and in the direct track which it was necessary for us to take, we saw the sea violently upheaved and tossed into foam! It was as if some sea monster was disporting himself beneath, and in his gambols disturbing the otherwise placid waters. Ever and anon, also, we saw the waters caught up by a sudden squall, and borne along on its tempestuous wings in sheets of white spray for several hundred yards. Our companion O—— gazed at this spectacle with intense

interest, his face darkened, he shook his head, and by a great effort he gave utterance, in harsh and guttural accents, to the boding words, "Bad! verra bad!" We could not but share in his apprehensions; but these disturbed waters, that spot where "the war of elements" seemed to concentrate its fury, were still at some distance, and perhaps ere we reached the place all would be tranquil again. We were deceived in our reckoning; the crisis of danger was at hand. While standing out under a quiet breeze from the rocky coast, suddenly, within a hundred yards of our boat, a "white squall" rose up as it were from the sea in its fury, and with an appalling noise as of a mighty whirlwind, and with tempest speed, it rushed towards us, and almost in a moment was upon us. I have often since thought of it as a great winding sheet wrapping up death's victims in its folds; and perhaps the figure was suggested by the fatal issue of its fury.

Our terrified boatmen leaped instantly to their feet to "brail up" the sails; but it was too late. Our boat was a long narrow yawl, employed by the local officers of the revenue for the boarding of merchant vessels coming into the bay, and not fitted, like the broad-beamed fishing boats along the coast, to encounter the violence of such a tempest. No sooner, therefore, did the squall strike the boat than she was upset, and in a moment I was plunged into the foaming waves. From boyhood's days, both my brother and myself had been accustomed to swim in the pellucid waters of the river Bann, on whose banks stood the ivy-decked cottage of our birth. We were therefore able to sustain ourselves when immersed in the sea, and thus had time to realize our condition, and under the powerful instinct of self-preservation to seek how we might best escape from the jaws of death. As for myself, my first glance was toward the shore; but, discouraged and almost despairing, I turned round and looked towards the boat, in the hope that I might be able to cling to it until help could arrive. I saw at one glance how hopeless it was to expect the boat to be righted: it was completely overturned; and even to secure one's self on the keel was impracticable, as the waves washed violently over it. The masts, with the sails dragged in the brine, were lying almost on the surface of the water, and with both hands holding on to the top of the mainmast, and submerged to the throat, the deaf mute O——, looking anxiously toward the shore, first met my eye. Nearer to me, and struggling in the waves, was the elder of the two boatmen. His large head, covered with thickly curling and raven hair, his dark eyes flashing terror, his whole aspect marked by anxiety and affright, are still vividly pictured on my memory. As he battled the waves with his brawny arms and limbs, he shouted aloud from time to time for help, in which his mate, who could not swim, but who was clinging to the stern of the boat, joined lustily. The swimmer, as I have said, was the elder of the two, and, as I afterwards discovered, was a veteran in sin, a drunkard and a debauchee. Only the night before, the sleep of the inhabitants and visitors, and of ourselves among the rest, at W—— had been disturbed by the loud cries of an unfortunate, whom he was beating through the streets with brutal violence.

While I hesitated as to the course I should adopt—whether to cling to the boat or to make for the shore—the voice of my brother fell on my ear. He called on me to follow him as he swam away from the wreck, and I did so. At this moment my presence of mind was to myself wonderful. I felt that if we put forth all our strength and speed, we should ere long sink from exhaustion, and at once I cautioned my companion to swim slowly. I thoroughly realized my position. I knew I was on the brink of eternity; but the love of life was strong in me. Dear parents and familiar friends passed in review before me. I looked to the encompassing mountains, and I said to myself, “Am I indeed here to perish?” It was hard, almost impossible, for me to believe it. And as we pressed on with measured strokes, words of mutual encouragement were spoken, and earnest ejaculations rose to heaven. The cap which my brother wore had fallen off upon his shoulder, as he was tossed out of the boat when it was upset. It was strapped beneath his chin, and thus retained, it was gradually swept round over the shoulder until it reached the mouth and threatened to suffocate him. With great difficulty he succeeded in shifting it to the other shoulder. Had it been otherwise, or had one of us been disabled by cramp, or been sinking from exhaustion, and the other endeavoured to save him, there is no doubt that both would have perished.

We continued to swim towards the shore, on which stood a number of reapers, who had suspended their work, and who were watching us and our companions with intense interest, without any means apparently at hand to rescue us. Meantime a gracious Providence was providing deliverers for us. Two boatmen, who had left on foot the town of Carlingford, soon after we had left the harbour, on crowning the top of the hill which commanded a view of the bay, observed the furious squall and its disastrous result. They instantly turned, and running back to the harbour, at about the distance of a mile, launched a boat and rowed towards us. Meantime we struggled on; the shore was now within a hundred yards, but our strength was failing fast. Suddenly a boat appeared: it was almost upon us ere we perceived it. What a moment of glad surprise! It was as life from the dead!

One moment, and the stalwart sailors seized us and dragged us into the boat, our clothes saturated with water, and the sudden reaction after continued excitement almost causing me to swoon. Speedily, however, I revived, and I eagerly asked after the fate of our three companions. Unseen by us, two boats had from opposite quarters come to the rescue, and one of these had made for the wrecked boat. That boat now approached our own. We asked for the tidings—our eyes themselves beheld but *one* saved. It was the man who could not swim, whom I had left clinging to the stern of the sinking boat. Of the other two, young O—— and the curly-headed brawny mariner, whose cry of alarm was still ringing in my ears, not a trace could be found, not even a floating cap or handkerchief to indicate the spot where “the strong swimmer in his agony” had gone down. Of O——, we heard that, loosing his hold of the top of the mast, he had swam round to the

man who clung to the boat, and by signs invited him to get on his back, that he might carry him to the land. The man told us that he had refused to do so, and that then Mr. O—— had struck out for the shore, and when he had got away about ten yards he saw him sink. I now realized more than ever the greatness of our deliverance; at the same time the sudden doom of two men whom I had so lately seen in the full vigour of health and life filled my mind with horror.

As soon as we reached home, the news of the upsetting of the revenue boat and the drowning of two men spread rapidly through the town. We had not long reached our lodgings when Captain O——, the father of our lamented and lost young friend, entered. He sat down opposite to us, and, asking us one or two questions, we detailed to him all that had occurred. He listened in speechless agony; and without speaking one word, and with “a grief too deep for tears,” that grey-haired soldier and sire went away. Next morning a fleet of boats was seen off the headland, where our bark had been swamped; but it was not till two days after that the body of O—— was discovered, and three weeks passed away ere the body of the drowned boatman—by that time half devoured by the shell-fish—was found. There seems to be with some a strange pleasure in being the first to bring tidings, even if they are bad; and so it was in our family circle. But ere long the swift post assured our loving father that his sons were yet alive.

With all these never-to-be-forgotten incidents crowding on my memory, the 26th of September never returns without exciting in my breast emotions of gratitude to our great Deliverer. Since that day, six and twenty years ago, many changes have come in the lot and life of both myself and surviving brother. To one has been assigned “the work of the ministry,” and that in three different spheres of toil. The other treads the path of an honourable and upright merchant. But each year, as the 26th of September draws nigh, the one is accustomed, in a brief postscript to his weekly letter, to say, “Let us not forget to give thanks to God in the recollection of our wonderful deliverance from sudden death.”

There are flowers imperishably associated with great events in the public history and life of nations. The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, are the emblems of that United Kingdom whose privileges we share. The orange lily reminds us of “Orange Boven” and the Revolution of 1688, and the fleur de lis of Henry Quatre and the Huguenot cavaliers of France. But to me, there is a flower more dear and sacred, for it always recalls the memorable day when God’s own hand was stretched forth for my deliverance. It is a SPRIG OF LAVENDER.

#### PHILIP THE SECOND, KING OF SPAIN.

PHILIP, the son of the emperor Charles v and of Isabella of Portugal, was born at Valladolid on the 21st of May, 1527. At an early age he was placed under the care of several Dominican friars, who assiduously instilled into his mind the bigoted principles of their order. Philip proved an apt pupil, and gave early indication of an intolerant superstition and an insatiable thirst for



power. At the age of sixteen he was married to Mary, daughter of John III, king of Portugal; she died two years after, in giving birth to Don Carlos.

In 1554, Philip married Mary Tudor, queen of England; this alliance was one of policy on the part of Philip. The English regarded the match with feelings of deep dissatisfaction, and trembled at the ominous union of persons so renowned for their bigotry and love of persecution. In some parts the people rose in actual rebellion. To quiet their alarm, Mary for a time suspended her persecution of the Protestants, and great concessions were granted on the part of Philip, in drawing up the marriage articles. He was merely to bear the name of king, without any participation in the administration of the government. Matters being finally arranged, and the disaffection of the people quelled or appeased, Philip left Spain in the beginning of July, 1554, and arrived at Southampton about the 20th of the same month.

Philip had not been long in England before he became discontented with his position. Protestantism was far from being extinguished, and he found that, even where there appeared to be conformity, a strong under-current of "heresy" was beneath the surface. He was annoyed at the little influence which he possessed in the government, and beheld with extreme jealousy the growing dislike of the English towards his own person. He persuaded Mary to request the parliament to declare him presumptive heir to the throne, and to confide to him the administration of the country; but these proposals met with general disapproval, and were rejected by the parliament. To blind the English in his favour, Philip thought fit to dissemble; he hid the severity of his disposition, and strove to appear affable at court; he advised the queen to release several prisoners of state, and his confessor Alphonso de Castro was ordered to preach a sermon against the burning of the heretics, and to exonerate his master from any participation in the recent persecutions. This was done in the celebrated Court Sermon of February 10, 1555, in which De Castro inquires: "How is it possible that any human being, much less a Christian, could desire to force conviction? How was the sword compatible with human reason?" and a great deal more of a similar tendency. This was a piece of artful jesuitism on the part of Philip, who, at the very time that he was commanding these sermons to be preached, thus wrote to his sister, the regent of Spain, on some opposition which he had met with from the pope: "After having destroyed," he writes, "the sects in England, brought the country under the influence of the church, pursued and punished the heretics without ceasing, and obtained a success which has been constant, I see that the pope evidently wishes to ruin my kingdom," etc. Philip wrote the letter from which this passage is extracted in England, at the time that he was openly protesting his abhorrence of "harsh measures," and commanding his confessor to preach on charity and toleration! Of the artfulness and dishonesty of the friar himself, we have still more conclusive evidence. About eight years previous to the preaching of his celebrated sermon, he wrote a book expressly to recommend the punishment of heretics by fire and sword. It was

entitled, "*De Justa Hæreticorum Punitiõne*," and was published at Salamanca, in 1547. His celebrated sermon, it must be remembered, was preached in 1555. In 1556, a new edition of his book was issued, enlarged, and revised by the author, and dedicated to his master Philip; and in 1568, a third edition was published.\* A more intolerant, ultra-persecuting book can scarcely be found than this treatise of Alphonso de Castro. He compares heretics to rabid and famished dogs, whom, he says, we should proceed against, *not with words*, but with the fire and the sword! The Franciscan was now at least sincere; he had left England, and when he thus addressed a Spanish prince in 1556, he forgot the language which he had found it convenient to employ in England the year before.

The sermon of De Castro, however, failed to produce the desired effect; the practice of Philip was opposed to the precept, and in the May following, he threw off his temporary cloak, and displayed his true disposition towards the Protestants by joining with Mary in sending a written command to Bonner, to proceed against them with the utmost rigour.† Annoyed at the ill-feeling which his conduct produced, and dissatisfied with the mere shadow of power which he possessed in England, he left this country after a stay of fourteen months, and passed over into the Netherlands to join his father Charles v, who had resolved to pass the few remaining years of his life in the monastic seclusion of St. Justus, and to resign his dominions in favour of his son. In January, 1556, the emperor accordingly resigned the crown of Spain, and Philip then became one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe, and attained a position which gave full scope to his ambition. In 1558, queen Mary died, and Philip immediately sent his ambassador to England, to propose marriage with her sister Elizabeth; his proposals, however, were declined, such a match not only being opposed to the wishes of the queen herself, but to the great body of the people. In the following year, Philip married princess Mary of France. He now turned his attention to the Netherlands, in some parts of which Lutheranism had made considerable progress. Philip gloried in the title of the "Most Catholic," and he strove to maintain that title by using every means for the extermination of heresy. He wished to introduce into Flanders the same religious system that existed in Spain—to place the country under the direction of the clergy—to establish the Inquisition, and to persecute the Lutherans. The resistance which Philip met with from the Flemish nobility only rendered him more determined. He proclaimed the decrees of the Council of Trent, and restored the edicts of the placards which condemned heretics to be burnt; and in 1565 he established the Inquisition with all its horrors. These measures, however, met with vigorous opposition, and the people broke out into rebellion. In 1567, the duke of Alva was sent into the Low Countries to suppress this revolt, and to exterminate heresy. Alva was a fit agent for a despot, and he lost no time in commencing his reign of terror and blood. The best and noblest of the Flemish fell a sacrifice to Spanish fury.

\* In 1571 a fourth edition was printed at Paris.  
† Burnet's "Collection of Records," No. 20.

But the tide of war changed; Protestants fought valiantly for their liberties, and the soldiers of Philip were defeated.

In 1573, Alva was recalled, and Don Lui de Requesens sent out in his place, with instructions to conciliate the people with some show of mercy and liberality. To a certain extent, moderation achieved what force had in vain strove to effect. He allayed the rebellion in the Roman Catholic provinces; but Holland and Zealand maintained a determined resistance, and refused to submit unless allowed to retain the free exercise of their religious worship. This was refused by Philip, and Requesens died without bringing the insurgents to submission. At his death, which occurred in 1576, Philip sent out Don John of Austria; but the insurrection rapidly increased, and the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries entered into a close confederation; a long and bloody war ensued, during which the republic of Holland was formed, the constitution of which was prepared by the Prince of Orange, on the 7th of January, 1579. Thus, by the just providence of God, those rights and privileges which Philip sought to abolish, and that religion which he sought to oppress, were by the Protestants retained and enjoyed with freedom; and the king, by his own harsh and intolerant measures, lost that part of his dominions which, says Sir Walter Raleigh, "for beauty gave place to none, and for revenue almost equalled his West Indies."

When Philip sent Don John into the Low Countries, he sent with him, ostensibly as his secretary, but virtually as a spy upon his actions, the celebrated Escovedo. Don John was naturally ambitious, and aspired to a high position in the government of Spain. Escovedo, forgetting the interests of Philip, entered into the schemes of his new master. He wrote frequently to Perez, secretary to Philip, urging him to use his influence with the king, to recall his master. Perez carried on the correspondence with artful duplicity, encouraged the most ambitious designs of Don John and Escovedo, drew out their secret wishes until they assumed a treasonable hue, and then unfolded them all to Philip. The consequence of these disclosures was a bitter hatred on the part of Philip towards Don John and his secretary. Soon after these letters had been laid before the king, Escovedo was sent to Spain on business by Don John; whilst there he excited the animosity of Perez, by opposing some of his licentious practices. Both Philip and his secretary were now against him, and his death was resolved upon. The guilt of murder, indeed, rests upon both king and subject. Philip urged Perez to effect the secret assassination of Escovedo, and the obedient secretary entered into the deadly scheme with zeal. He first attempted to poison his victim at his own table; but this failing, he hired assassins, who murdered him in the public street. For this dark service, what was Perez's reward? One year after this event he was arrested by order of Philip, and tried for the murder of Escovedo. He was urged to exonerate his master by confessing himself guilty; he refused, but the torture of the rack wrung from him the desired confession. He saved his life by escaping from prison in disguise.

In 1567, Philip gave another lamentable proof

of the hardness and wickedness of his heart, in his treatment of his son Don Carlos. This young prince had from an early age manifested great violence of temper and an uncontrollable ambition. On arriving at manhood, he wished to take part in the government. Philip refused to listen to his proposals, and exasperated the prince by treating him with marked coldness and reserve. Don Carlos did not hide his vexation, nor refrain from censuring his father's policy in the Netherlands. Philip called in the aid of the Inquisition, and in the middle of the night delivered his own son into the power of that terrible tribunal. Several princes and nobles interceded for his release, but Philip was cold, relentless, and inexorable. He directed the inquisitors to pass sentence upon him, and afterwards, as was currently reported, ordered poison to be administered, which in a few hours put an end to his miserable life!

In 1588 Philip attempted the invasion of England. For several years his energies and the wealth of his kingdom had been employed in the equipment of a fleet, which for its number and power was called by the Spaniards themselves the "Invincible Armada." It consisted of one hundred and fifty vessels of war. With this great maritime power he attempted to approach our shores with the design of dethroning Elizabeth, restoring popery, and usurping the crown. The pope was the encourager of this plot, and gave it his benediction. A bull was prepared, ready to be sent over on the landing of the Spaniards, excommunicating Elizabeth, and absolving the English from their allegiance. It was secretly agreed that Philip should hold the kingdom, when reduced to the obedience of the holy see, according to the articles of contract made by king John, that is, as a vassal to the pope. We cannot now enter into the particulars of that memorable event. History tells us how Providence protected our country from that calamity; how Protestants, loving their English liberties and their religious freedom, valiantly repelled the Spanish foe, and how that "Invincible Armada," shattered by the English navy, scattered and wrecked by the winds and storms of heaven, taught those who were conceited in their own strength, that nothing of this world is invincible against the power and the will of the Most High.

It would be impossible to enter into the details of Philip's subsequent conquests and defeats; to the end of his days he was occupied with events of stirring and exciting interest. Bigotry and lust of power were the ruling passions of his soul, and in seeking their gratification his whole life was spent. Persecution and bloodshed clouded every region over which he had dominion. Thousands were by him exiled from their home, imprisoned, burnt, or secretly destroyed by his order. His bigotry was appalling, and he appears to have taken a positive delight in watching the dying tortures of the Protestants. At an early period of his reign, on his return to Spain from the Netherlands, in 1559, he vowed to exterminate heresy from his dominions. His first act was to order the Inquisition at Seville to condemn to death thirteen nobles who were suspected of Lutheranism. At Valladolid, a terrible scene was enacted. Philip caused twenty-eight of the nobility of

Spain, who were suspected of heresy, to be burnt in his presence. The ceremony seems to have given unusual satisfaction to the king, and the whole of his court assembled to witness it. Philip appeared in much splendour, attended by his son, his sister, the prince of Parma, a crowd of nobles, bishops, and ladies, and the inquisitor-general, Archbishop of Seville, presided. Among the nobles burnt on that occasion was the celebrated Carlos de Seso, who, on passing the throne of Philip as they dragged him to the stake, asked the king how he could permit so many of his nobles to be burnt. The answer of Philip is characteristic of the dark bigotry of that monarch: "I myself," he exclaimed, "would carry the faggots to make a pile for my own son Don Carlos, if he should dare to become a Lutheran!" We may judge, from the events connected with the death of that prince, that Philip was sincere; but how different his language four years previously in England, when he had another object in view!

This intolerant and persecuting spirit was only equalled by his thirst for dominion. To gratify that, no effort was spared; no crime was too deep to which he would not resort. Principles of justice, honour, or mercy, were alike disregarded. His army was the most powerful, his navy the most splendid, in Europe. He ruled over possessions in every quarter of the world. In the zenith of his power, he had dominion over Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands, Milan and Sicily, Tuscany, Parma, and other Italian states. To him belonged the Philippine Islands, the Portuguese settlements on the coast of Malabar, and the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago, while his possessions in America were extensive and valuable. Added to all this, the mines of Mexico, Chili, and Peru, brought enormous wealth into his coffers. Yet, whilst thus powerful, he was a stranger to content; the more he acquired, the more did he seem to desire.

In private life, Philip's manners were repulsive; he was dark, jealous, and unfeeling. His heart was petrified with the cold and bigoted principles of St. Dominic, and all his thoughts and projects were moulded upon the bitter policy of the Inquisition. He was a stranger to the generous sympathies of the human heart. He was seldom known to smile, and never known to have shed a tear. An outward amity existed between him and his favourites; but of inward appreciation or friendship there was none. When apparently most in favour, his courtiers were perhaps in the most imminent danger, and he would confer honours upon them at the very moment when he was secretly issuing orders for their downfall or assassination.

The last moments of Philip were little in harmony with the grandeur and ambition of his life. Death is no respecter of persons, and disease is alike the tormentor of the king and the peasant. The person of Philip was attacked by a most repulsive disorder; swarms of vermin issued out of four tumours in his breast. But his bodily misery was as nothing when compared with the anxiety and terrors of his mind. The cruelties in which he had delighted, the murders in which he had participated, the Protestants whom he had burnt, and the sins which he had committed, rose up like phantoms before his troubled con-

science. Yet he strove by outward calmness, amidst the shadows of death, to deserve the name of the "Most Catholic." It is said that he sent for his confessor, and protested that he was willing to do all that he should command as necessary for the salvation of his soul; and that, as he was willing to do everything essential on his part, anything which he omitted to do must be placed to the account of his confessor! So blindly did he trust to man and his own works, and so firmly did he rely on the efficacy of priestly absolution, that, having confessed and received the extreme unction from the hands of the Archbishop of Toledo, he appeared calm and composed, and declared that he had never done an injury to any human being.

He incessantly groaned, as the sharp pangs of disease racked his body, "May this be for a remission of my sins!" He called his son, and his favourite daughter Isabella, to his bedside, and, pointing to his diseased and emaciated frame, he exclaimed: "You see, my son, how God has divested me of the glory and majesty of a king; in a few hours they will dress me in a miserable shroud, and begirt me with a poor cord. The crown of a king already falls from my head, and death takes it from me to give it to you. My days are numbered, but you are young; I recommend you to war with the infidels, and to exterminate the heretics!" He turned his face to the wall, and shortly after became speechless; he remained in that state for two days, and died at daybreak, on Sunday, September 13th, 1598. Such an end needs no comment of ours.

#### THE BIRD IN THE EGG.

THERE is not, in the compass of nature, a more lively emblem of the soul, imprisoned in this mortal body, than (homely as the comparison may appear) that of a bird in the egg. The little animal, though thus confined, is in the midst of the scenes of its future life. It is not distance which excludes it from the air, the light, and all the objects with which it will soon be conversant. It is in the midst of them, though utterly shut out from them, and, when the moment for bursting its inclosure comes, will be ushered into a new world, and translated into scenes unknown before, not by any change of place, but by passing into another state of existence. So it is with the soul. It is now, in a certain sense, *in eternity*, and surrounded with eternal things. Even the body to which it is attached stands out, on the surface of this globe, in infinite space. Besides, the spiritual world envelopes it on every side; it is encompassed with a cloud of witnesses; innumerable spirits encamp about it; and God is as intimately present to it, as to the highest angel that beholds his face in heaven. Nevertheless, to realise to itself the nearness and the presence of these external objects, at least to know them as it will know them hereafter, is a thing impossible. Why? Not because any tract of space is interposed between the soul and them, but because the spiritual principle, while united to flesh, is, by the laws of that union, so incarcerated in the body, as to be denied all means of intercourse with those scenes which lie around its prison walls. The hand of death alone can unbar the door, and let the spirit out into the free air and open daylight of eternity. There is one important particular more in which this analogy holds. Unless the embryo is vivified while in the egg, it can receive no vitalising principle after. If the shell is broken, the young bird comes out *dead*. Thus it is also with the soul. Unless impregnated with spiritual life, before it leaves the body, it will come forth still-born into eternity and continue for ever dead in trespasses and sins.

## Varieties.

**THE ATTACHMENT OF THE ELEPHANT.**—A remarkable instance of the well-known affection of the elephant for those who are accustomed to minister to its wants when in a state of confinement, may be met with in a recent work, entitled, "The Private Life of an Eastern King." Among the favourite amusements of this barbaric prince was the combat of animals, from quails to tigers. On one occasion, after an elephant fight, the conqueror, Malleer by name, frenzied by his pains, killed his "mahout" or driver, who fell from his neck at the moment of victory. Just at this moment a woman was seen rushing directly towards the elephant. She had an infant in her arms, and she ran as fast as her burden would permit. It was the wife of the slain mahout.

"Oh Malleer, Malleer, cruel, savage beast! see what you have done," she cried: "here, finish our house at once. You have taken off the roof, now break down the walls; you have killed my husband, whom you loved so well; now kill me and his son."

To those unaccustomed to India, this language may appear unnatural or ridiculous. It is precisely the sense of what she said; every word of it almost was long impressed upon my mind. The mahouts and their families live with the elephants they attend, and talk to them as to reasonable beings, in reproof, in praise, in entreaty, in anger.

We expected (says the narrator) to see the wild animal turn from the mangled remains of the husband to tear the wife and child asunder. We were agreeably disappointed. Malleer's rage was satiated, and he now felt remorse for what he had done. You could see it in his drooping ears and downcast head. He took his foot off the shapeless carcass. The wife threw herself upon it, and the elephant stood by respecting her grief. It was a touching spectacle. The woman lamented loudly, turning now and then to the elephant to reproach him; whilst he stood as if conscious of his fault, looking sadly at her. Once or twice the unconscious infant caught at his trunk and played with it. He had doubtless played with it often before, for it is no uncommon thing to see the mahout's child playing between the legs of the elephant; it is no uncommon thing to see the elephant waiving his trunk over it, allowing it to go to a little distance, and then gently bringing it back again, as tenderly as a mother would.

"Let the woman call him off," shouted the king; "he will attend to her."

She did so, and Malleer came back, just as a spaniel would do at the call of his master.

"Let the woman mount with her child, and take him away," was the king's order. It was communicated to her. The elephant knelt at her command. She mounted; Malleer gave her, first the mutilated carcass, and then her infant son. She sat upon his neck, in her husband's place, and led him quietly away. From that day she was his keeper, his mahout. He would have no other. When most excited, when most wild, *must* or not *must*, she had but to command, and he obeyed. The touch of her hand on his trunk was enough to calm his most violent outbursts of temper. She could lead him without fear or danger to herself; and the authority which she had thus obtained, her son would doubtless possess after her.

**THE SEAT OF THE WAR IN ASIA.**—There are districts of the globe which seem destined in all ages to be the highways, rather than the permanent abodes, of civilisation. Among them is the isthmus that divides the seas of Azof and the Euxine from the waters of the Caspian. Its northern mountains are believed by the soundest ethnologists to have been the cradle of the human race; its plains were the homes of the first emigrants. To its highlands ascend equally the streams of primeval history and of the most ancient myths: the ark of Noah and the vulture of Prometheus. Over this ground have passed "the drums and trappings" of a hundred invaders. It was the road of Odin and his Ase to the Elbe and the Baltic. On the shores of a lake at the foot of Mount Ararat, Nimrod is still believed to have been slain by the Caucasian dalesmen. To its coasts the Argonauts steered through "the blue Symplegades;" through its valleys the Scythians poured

themselves upon Western Asia. The river Koor still echoes the name of the prophetic and historical Cyrus; and that of Alexander the Great is familiar even now to every Circassian minstrel. It was the centre of the kingdom of Mithridates, and the scene of his last irretrievable defeat. For centuries Rome and Parthia contended for the possession of it. Goth and Hun successively over-ran this ground. It was for ever coming "between the pass and fell incensed points of mighty opposites." Its civilisation has been rapidly matured, and as rapidly blighted. It has been wasted by "the tenth wave" of barbarian desolation; by the hosts of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan. In the middle ages its hills were covered, like those of the Rhine land, with the strongholds of a feudal aristocracy, which in their turn, like every other province and appanage of the Byzantine empire, yielded to the Turk. The Turk has in his turn been partially supplanted by the Russian, and the day may not be far distant in which Western Europe may again contribute to the population of this often won and often lost borderland.—*Edinburgh Review*.

**CONDITION OF ARMENIAN WOMEN.**—The condition of women in Armenia partakes of European freedom and Asiatic restraint—the restraint being laid on the wife, and the freedom allowed to the maiden. To all, except Armenians born, this appears a perilous, or at least a preposterous regulation. Yet, practically, it would seem to lead to no evil results, and at the worst renders households tranquil, though, it may be, rather dull. If marrying and wooing in Armenia were, as in more civilised climes, affairs of the heart, and not the private business of fathers and guardians, we might justly expect that the Transcaucasian young ladies would become a nation of vestals or amazons, so as to avoid the uncomfortable doom which surely awaits them in the married state. While unwed, they go where they will and converse with whom they please; are not plagued with bonnets or veils, nor accompanied by chaperons; and, in short, are insidiously allowed by their masculine enemies to tread for a few brief years the "primrose path of life." But with the words pronounced at the altar female liberty is at an end. The lords of the Armenian creation are of opinion not merely that a "voice soft, gentle, and low, is an excellent thing in woman," but also that rigid Pythagorean silence is wholesome for the sex. For six years the wife is condemned to almost complete taciturnity. No more gadding abroad for her; no gatherings at the village fountain; nor dances under the umbrageous arcades of the wood. Even in her own house she must go about veiled: if a stranger comes on the premises, she hides herself in the innermost chamber: and twice only in the year is she permitted to appear in the street, and then she is escorted to church and back again by some bearded and booted marital or fraternal dragon. She may speak to her husband when alone with him, but neither to father nor brother; and as for cousins, they are not so much as mentioned in her presence. Whatsoever communications are indispensable must be made by gestures, or through the alphabet of the fingers. Her first step towards enfranchisement is the birth of her first child. She may talk to her infant, and, should they happen to be on good terms, to her mother-in-law. Gradually her intercourse is extended to her nearest female relatives, and the experienced matron is occasionally licenced to address her male kinsfolk. But the disease of garrulity has been tolerably reduced by this discipline of six years: and an Armenian lady has seldom the chance of becoming fluent in conversation, unless she attains the years of the sibyl or the "treble-dated crow."—*Edinburgh Review*.

#### ANSWERS TO THE HISTORICAL ENIGMAS, Nos. I. AND II.

LUTHER.—1. Lucallus; 2. Upsal; 3. Thorwaldsen; 4. Huss; 5. Eugene; 6. Richelieu.

ÆSOP.—1. Æschylus; 2. Marshal Saxe; 3. Octavia; 4. Pylades.